

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK Funnies

AUGUST
1938
No. 3

10¢



FRECKLES
MYRA NORTH
DON WINSLOW
DAN DUNN • BOOTS
G-MAN • WASH TUBBS
BUCK JONES • THE NEBBS
MAJOR HOOPLE • TOM MIX
TALKING SHOP • COLUMBUS
FLAPPER FANNY • APPLE MARY
CAPT. FRANK HAWKS and many others

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DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48

NORMAN MARSH

TO BE
POO DEAD
OLD
SWASH!I NEED A REST,
BENNY, SO I'M
GOING TO THE BIG
GAME THIS
AFTERNOON--WANT
TO GO ALONG?WANT? NOT ME!
THE SAME
AIN'T WHAT IT
USED TO BE WHEN
I WENT TO COLLEGE--
IT'S A CIVIL GAME
NOWADAYS.SEE WHIZ?--I'D LIKE TO GO--BUT
I'M BUSTED--I WOULDN'T LET HIM
KNOW IT, THOUGH--HE'D GIVE ME A
LECTURE ON SAVING MY MONEY!GUESS I'LL GO OUT AND SHOW
THOSE KIDS A TRICK OR TWO
WITH THE PISKIN--THEY'LL
TAKE UP SOME OF MY TIME--I'LL FEEL GOOD TO
KICK THE OLD BALL
AROUND ONCE MORE!HELLO, MY LADS--MIND
IF I JOIN IN THE FUN--I
USED TO BE QUITE A
PLAYER MYSELF!WE'RE ALL
THROUGH PLAYIN'
--WE'RE GOIN' TO
LISTEN TO THE BIG
GAME ON THE
RADIO--RADIO? HUH!! NOW TAKE ME--I'M
GOIN' TO SIT ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE,
BOYS--RIGHT DOWN IN FRONT--Y'KNOW--
A GREAT POSITION--
--LIKE ME, I'VE GOT
THE BEST SEATS--IN THE BACK
DOOR AN' OUT TH'
FRONT?--I HOP
THOSE KIDS DON'T
SEE ME!!IT'S A
DANDY SAY
FOR THE
GAME!BOY, I WOULDN'T
MISS THIS FOR
ANYTHING!!RIGHT ON TIME--
THE GAME'S
JUST STARTING!YEH--FIFTY
YARD LINE!THE GREAT
DETECTIVE--YEH--
SURE--LET'S
THE BEST
SEATS!!

ULP

DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48

NORMAN MARSH



DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48

NORMAN
MAQUH

DOPE! THE MOST SINISTER OF ALL CRIME RACKETS IS GUNNING AT THE VITALS OF BRENO--AS IT IS IN MOST OF OUR CITIES--DAN DUNN HAS HIT UPON A PLAN TO SUBDUDE IT--AT LEAST DESTROY ONE VICIOUS MOB WHICH IS SELLING IT TO UNFORTUNATES OF THAT CITY!



AW, KAY-- YOU GAVE MAZE THE DOPE YOU BOUGHT FOR HER??

YES, DAN, AND SHE ASKED ME TO RETURN TO THE SAME PLACE AND GET HER TWO SHOTS MORE--



FINE--THIS TIME TRY TO GET A LITTLE CONFIDENTIAL WITH THE PERSON WHO SELLS IT TO YOU--DON'T OVERDO IT, THOUGH!

ANYTHING ELSE??



YES--HERE IS A WHISTLE WITH A PECULIAR TONE--ONE OF MY MEN IS FOLLOWING YOU CONSTANTLY--IF YOU SHOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE, JUST BLOW IT AND YOU WILL HAVE ASSISTANCE IMMEDIATELY!

ALL RIGHT, DAN--THANKS

A FEW MINUTES LATER KRY AGAIN KNOCKS AT THE SINISTER DOOR 833!



HELLO-- YOU AGAIN, BRIGHT EYES??

YES--I GAVE THAT PACKAGE TO MAZE AND SHE WANTS ME TO BRING HER TWO DOLLARS WORTH TOMORROW!



HMMM--YOU SURE ARE INTERESTED IN HELPING HER--AREN'T YOU?? WHY???

WHY?? --OH, ER--



YES, WHY???

WELL, YOU SEE--I HAD A GIRL FRIEND ONCE--SHE WAS ON THE JUNK--AND I KNOW NOW SHE FELT WHEN SHE COULDN'T GET IT--I FEEL SORRY FOR MAZE--THAT'S ALL!



A PRETTY STORY-- AND BECAUSE OF THAT YOU TAKE THE RISK OF JAIL TO HER??

WELL--IT'S NOT THE ONLY JAIL I'VE BEEN IN--I'M NOT AFRAID--



HMMM--SOMETHING TO THAT--WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN CAUGHT FOR??

SHOPLIFTING-- MOSTLY--THEY CAUGHT ME HERE --THE TOWN IS TOO HOT FOR ME --SO I'M NOT WORKING--



NOT WORKING, EH?? SAY--HOW ABOUT STEPPING OUT WITH ME--DINNER AND SO ON??

BIG BOY-- THAT WOULD BE MARVELOUS AND I'M SURE HUNGRY!



WHAT EVENING-- SO YOU'RE ROSIE, EH?? I NEVER SUSPECTED IT!

IN THIS RACKET YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL--SO WHEN ANYBODY I DON'T KNOW COMES UP FOR SOME DOPE THEY GOTTA USE THE RIGHT WORD OR I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!



GEE, YOU'RE SMART! I'LL BET THE COPSL NEVER GET A LINE ON YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRIGHT EYES--SAY--I'LL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE THAT'LL OPEN YOUR EYES-- WANT TO GO??



I'D LOVE IT-- IS--IS IT VERY MYSTERIOUS-- WHERE IS IT??

SHHH! WONG TU'S GAMBLING JOINT-- AND THAT'S NOT ALL --THE PRIVATE CLUB --THEY SMOKE OPIUM THERE--COME ON!

DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 43

by NORMAN MARSH



DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48

By NORMAN MARSH



IT'S THE CHIEF IRWIN HE WANTS YOU TO MIND HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER FOR A WHILE--HE AND I ARE GOING OVER TO THE CRIME LABORATORY--

OKE/BUT I DONT LIKE THE IDEA--DO I LOOK LIKE A NURSEMAID?

HELLO THERE YOUNG LADY!

LUCY IS A VERY GOOD LITTLE GIRL.. IRWIN IM SURE YOU WONT HAVE ANY TROUBLE--

THIS AINT SO BAD AT THAT NOTHIN TO DO BUT RELAX--HEY! PUT THAT PHONE DOWN !!



Continued Next Month

CAPT. FRANK HAWKS
AIR ACE

THEIR PLANE WRECKED, CAPT HAWKS AND JACK ARE LOST ON MOUNTAIN-SIDE. WHEN THE MYSTERIOUS 'HOOD' APPEARS AND GUIDES THEM TO RICO'S HIDEOUT. WHILE SPYING, HAWKS IS CAPTURED. LEARNS THAT JEAN, NICE TO GOVERNOR STRONG, IS A MEMBER OF RICO'S GANG WHICH IS RUNNING DOPE. JACK HIDES OUT TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS.....



THE PLANE CARRYING \$100,000 WORTH OF NARCOTICS ARRIVES AT RICO'S HIDEOUT.....

YOUR RIGHT ON TIME DANGO, HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING OVER THE BORDER?

NAIV, RICO. NOT IN THIS CRATE... GOT OVER CLEAN!



YOU GUYS BRING THE STUFF TO THE CABIN... JEAN, YOU COME WITH ME!

YEAH, WE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF HAWKS...



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS HAWKS!

I WAIT, RICO, THERE'S NO HURRY. HOW ABOUT THE WELL... IF WE THROW HIM DOWN THERE NOBODY WILL EVER FIND HIM!



OHAY, BOYS... SHOVE HIM IN!

THINK OF US WHILE YOUR DOWN THERE, CAPTAIN HAWKS... YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!



COL. WHITE, IF WE DON'T RECEIVE ANY WORD FROM CAPT. HAWKS IN TEN HOURS, WE MUST START A THOROUGH SEARCH....

YOU SHOULD HAVE TURNED THIS CASE OVER TO ME, IN THE BEGINNING, GOVERNOR-I KNOW CAPT. HAWKS IS A FAMOUS AVIATOR, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN CATCH GANGSTERS....



MEANWHILE, THE CHIEF OF STATE TROOPERS VISITS GOV. STRONG AT THE HOSPITAL....

I NEEDED A CAPABLE MAN FOR THIS CASE. ONE WHO IS QUICK, QUIET AND FEARLESS! SO I DEPUTIZED HAWKS.

I'LL BEGIN THE SEARCH AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING, GOV. STRONG!



LATE THAT NIGHT JACK GOES TO THE WELL



CAPT HAVKS / CAPT HAVKS / ... HE DOESN'T ANSWER ... I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE SOMEHOW!



YOU ... THE HOOD / AND YOU'VE GOT A ROPE MISTER. I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU SHOW UP IN THE RIGHT PLACES!



IF RICO OR ANY OF HIS MOS COME AROUND, YOU GIVE THE ROPE TWO PULLS!



CAPT HAVKS!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT JACK, CAPT HAVKS? I'M OKAY JACK, JUST A LIT TLL SHAKEN UP AND STIFF - UNTIE MY LEGS AND ARMS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE



I SAW THEM THROW YOU IN HERE THIS MORNING, BUT I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL DARK BEFORE I COULD HELP - THE HOOD POPPED UP WITH A ROPE JUST AS I WAS WONDERING HOW TO GET DOWN HERE. I HAD GIVEN UP HOPE UNTIL I SAW YOU COME DOWN JACK!



THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT TO THE TOP, CAPT HAVKS? YES! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE RICO RETURNS TO CHECK UP!



THE HOOD IS GONE! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR HIM! COME ON JACK - WE'VE GOT TO FIND RICO'S PLANE!

CRACKAJACK FUNNIES

WE'LL FLY TO TROOP HEADQUARTERS. GET HELP AND RETURN TO CLEAN OUT THIS MOB.



WHEN THEY HEAR US TAKE OFF, THEY'LL ESCAPE. CAPT. HAVKS!

WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE THAT JACK--THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET FAR THROUGH THESE MOUNTAINS BEFORE WE COME BACK.



RICO, I HEARD A NOISE OUT THERE!

AV, JUST THE WIND... BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE THE BOYS AND HAVE A LOOK...



THE MOTOR'S COLD... IT WON'T KICK OVER!



CAPT. HAVKS, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US...

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THEM OUT... A SHOT... HERE, TAKE THIS GUN, JEAN.



NO, RICO! YOU PROMISED ME I WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE IN ANY SHOOTING!

OK... YOU STAY HERE... WE'LL HANDLE THE TROUBLE!

HURRY BACK, RICO!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...



PUT 'EM UP, HAVKS!





THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...
O.K. JACK, LET'S GET IN THE
PLANE!



STAND WHERE
YOU ARE!

RICO!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
STOPPED 'ONCE
MORE JACK....



SO THIS GUY CAME UP
HERE WITH YOU, HAWKS.
HELL SOON WISH HE HADN'T!

NUTS! I'VE
GOT AWAY
FROM YOU
ONCE AND
WE CAN DO IT
AGAIN!



YOU YELLOW BUMS!
IF I HADN'T COME ALONG
THESE MUGS WOULD'VE
GOTTEN AWAY.

WE DONE OUR
BEST, RICO!

YEAH!
HAWKS'LL BE
SORRY HE PAST-
ED ME....



HAVE ALL MEN ON DUTY AT 6:00AM--GET
PLANES ON THE FIELD TO TAKE OFF AT 7:00
SHARP--MOTOR SOUNDS ON ROAD AT SAME
TIME--WE START THE SEARCH FOR CAPT.
HAWKS AT THAT TIME--THAT IS ALL!

YES, COL. WHITE

MEANWHILE--AT TROOPER HEADQUARTERS.



GOV. STRONG...NO
WORD YET FROM CAPT.
HAWKS--SEARCH ALL PLANES
AND WAITING FOR THE
ZERO HOUR--WE'LL DO
OUR BEST



THIS TIME YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE, HAWKS--O.K. MEN!



DON'T SHOOT!

FRECKLES by BLOSSER



FRECKLES by BLOSSER

HE STUCK TO HIM LIKE HE WAS GLUED THERE! AND I BET YOU WOULDN'T FIND MANY PEOPLE WHO COULD STRADDLE THAT COLT AND STAY THERE! MY SON IS PRETTY CAPABLE!!



HE'S YOUR SON, NOW, BUT JUST LET HIM DO ONE LITTLE THING TO GET HIMSELF IN WRONG, AND I KNOW WHO'D GET ALL THE CREDIT FOR HIM!!



I'VE FIXED THIS MILK FOR DYNAMITE, TAG! YOU TAKE IT OUT TO HIM AND THEN HURRY OFF TO SCHOOL!



OKAY, MOM!

GEE WHIZ...GEE WHIZ... HE'S GONE!!



FRECK...FRECK... DYNAMITE IS GONE! SOME BODY TOOK HIM, I BET!!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S GONE?



HE USUALLY WHIMPERS WHEN I BRING HIM HIS BREAKFAST! HIS MORNING HE DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND!

THERE ALSO WAS A LARGE HOLE IN THE BARN, HOOPPRINTS CLEAR OUT TO THE SIDEWALK, AN DYNAMITE'S BLANKET ON STORE'S FENCE!



I DON'T BELIEVE DYNAMITE WAS STOLEN...THIS BOARD WAS KICKED LOOSE!



I SAW HIM KICKING AT IT THE OTHER DAY!

IF HE'D BEEN STOLEN, IT WOULD'VE BEEN EASIER FOR THE GUY WHO TOOK HIM, TO JUST CUT THE CHOCK WIRE, ON THE OTHER SIDE!!



HE GOT OUT ALL BY HIMSELF, I BET... AND HE WORKED IT SO HE COULD REACH THE SIDEWALK WITHOUT HAVING TO JUMP FENCES! TAG, WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



AND WE NEED HELP! YOU ROUND UP ALL THE GUYS WE KNOW AND TELL THEM TO COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE, SO WE CAN ORGANIZE A SEARCHING PARTY!



TOO BAD DYNAMITE ISN'T HERE!

NOW'S THE TIME WE REALLY NEED HIM! GEE, IF I HAD DYNAMITE TO RIDE, I COULD ROUND UP THE GUYS IN A HURRY, TO HELP US LOOK FOR HIM!!



HE MAY HAVE BEEN STOLEN, FOR ALL I KNOW, BUT IN ANY CASE, HE MUST BE FOUND! IT GETS COLD THESE NIGHTS, AND HE MAY BE WITHOUT SHELTER!



OR FOOD!

ALL YOU FELLAS SPREAD OUT...GO IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS...CHECK ON EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A CLUE!!



HE'S A WILD COLT, YOU KNOW, AND HE FOLLOWED A NATURAL INSTINCT TO BE FREE... THAT IS, IF HE RAN AWAY! IF YOU SEE HIM, APPROACH HIM QUIETLY... DON'T STARTLE HIM!



NOW, LET'S GO, FELLAS! AND THE ONE WHO FINDS DYNAMITE GETS A HALF INTEREST IN HIM, AS A REWARD!!



BOY, THAT WOULDN'T BE BAD AT ALL...A HALF INTEREST...GEE!



YEAH, AN I KNOW WHICH HALF I'D GET... THE HALF THAT YOU HAVE TO FEED!!

FRECKLES by BLOSSER



FRECKLES by BLOSSER



Myra North



Special Nurse
by RAY THOMPSON
and CHARLES COLL

UPON THE FRANTIC URDINGS OF THE MUFFLED VOICE FROM BEHIND THE BOOKCASE, MYRA QUICKLY PRESSES THE HIDDEN SWITCH!



"GODDESS! THE ENTIRE SECTION IS SWINGING OUTWARD!"

"GOOD MORNING, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I NEARLY SURFACED IN HERE!"



"WHY IT IS DR. DUNAL! BUT YOUR VOICE..."

"I'M DUAL, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHERE'S THAT IMPOSTER, RUPPERT?"



"IMPOSTER YOU MEAN... I MEAN I'VE BEEN DUPED BY AN ASSISTANT! I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST THE MAN WHO HAS A PHOENIX ROSE CERTAIN TYPES OF EXPERIMENTS I NEVER WOULD PERMIT!"



"THEN WE MUST HURRY, DOCTOR! WE ALREADY HAS OPERATED ON MY FRIEND, JACK LANE. LANE IS UPSTAIRS, NOW. ALL SENSE OF REASONING IS GONE."



"WHAT? LEAD ME TO HIM!"



"NEWS COME VERY SOON, NOW..."

MEANWHILE, TITO HAS BEEN SITTING IN THE BUTLER'S PANTRY, EAGERLY LISTENING TO THE POLICE CALLS ON A SPECIAL SHORT WAVE RADIO.

ON THE SMOOTH HIGHWAY SPEEDING BACK TO PINE GLADES, THE FAKE DOCTOR AND HIS SWAIN'S COMPANION ARE IN HIGH SPIRITS.



"CAESAR, MY BOY - IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE STARTED ON A BUSY AND LUKRATIVE CAREER! WHO EVER WOULD SUSPECT AN APE OF ROBBING A BANK? HA-HA!"



"JACK, DEAR - I'VE FOUND THE REAL DR. DUNAL. HE'S GOING TO TRY TO HELP YOU. JUST RELAX..."



"WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL, DOCTOR. I HAVEN'T SEEN RUPPERT ALL EVENING, BUT I KNOW TITO IS AROUND SOMEWHERE PROBABLY WATCHING THAT I DON'T SLIP OUT OF THE HOUSE!"



"GOOD! LOCK THE DOOR! THEN PREPARE THE ANESTHETIC..."



DOWNSTAIRS, THE RADIO CRACKLES, AND THEN COMES THE FLASH. TITO HAS BEEN WAITING TO HEAR...



AIRWAY ATTENDS ATTENTION! THE SOUTH STATE BANK HAS BEEN ANIMABLY ROBBED STOP AND INSPECT ALL SUSPICIOUS CARS FOR FOOT, NO DESCRIPTION OF BANDITS...

Myra North



Special Nurse
by RAY THOMPSON
and CHARLES COLL

RUFFERT IS ANNOYED WHEN THE APE OBJECTS TO HIS TREATMENT OF MYRA, BUT ATTEMPTS TO LAUGH THE SITUATION OFF AS A JOKE...

WELL, WELL... SO CALLED WITH HIS HUMAN DEDUCTIVE POWERS, WOULD PROTECT YOU! HOW VERY AMUSING!

PLEASE... LET ME RETURN TO MY PATIENT. I'M SURE HE'LL BE NEEDING ME.

RUFFERT DOES NOT REPLY TO MYRA'S PLEA, BUT AS SHE TURNS TO GO THE APE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A BAG ON THE TABLE AND OFFERS MYRA A WAD OF NEW BANKNOTES!



HEY, JUST A MINUTE, OLD FELLOW... THERE'S SUCH A THING AS CARRYING CIVALRY TOO FAR! GIVE THOSE NOTES TO ME!

ANOTHER MOVEMENT RUFFERT AND THE ANGRY APE ARE LOCKED IN A VIOLENT STRUGGLE.



TI TO GET SOME MORE! WE MUST GET HAW BACK INTO THE STEEL ROOM!



MYRA RUSHES TO JACK'S ROOM, WHERE SHE QUICKLY TELLS DR. DUAL WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

AND IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF THE BAG CONTAINED STOLEN MONEY, DOCTOR. WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

YES, THE VILLAINS ARE SURE TO COME HERE FOR YOU AFTER THEY'VE SUBDUED THE APE. WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE YOUR FRIEND HERE IS MUCH IMPROVED NOW, PERHAPS. WE CAN AID US.



OH JACK, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN!

YES, AND I'M JUST FISHING TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT BIRD RUFFERT!



EASY NOW, MY FRIEND. WE MUST PLAY OUR PARTS WELL. YOU MUST PRETEND YOU ARE STILL ILL, WHILE I HIDE IN THE CLOSET, THEN...

QUICK! I HEAR THEM ON THE STAIRS, NOW!



COME, TI TO WE MUST HAVE A LITTLE INTERVIEW WITH THAT NURSE. SHE HAS BEEN AND HEARD ENTIRELY TOO MUCH!

EXACTLY MY IDEA ALSO, MASTER.

Myra North



Special Nurse
by
RAY THOMPSON
and CHARLES COLL

AS RUPPERT AND TITO APPROACH THE ROOM IN WHICH JACK IS CONFINED, DR. DUNAL HIDES IN THE CLOSET WHILE MYRA POSTERNOSES TO BE BUSY WITH HER PATIENT.



THEY'LL OPEN THE DOOR ANY MOMENT NOW--

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A CRACK AT RUPPERT!



NOW, THEN, YOUNG LADY WITH CAESAR SAFELY IN HIS CAGE, YOU CAN ANSWER MY QUESTIONS WITHOUT INTERRUPTION. COME HERE!

MYRA CROSSES THE ROOM TO THE WINDOW SO THAT RUPPERT'S BACK IS TO THE BED.



WELL, WHAT IS IT?

VERY STEALTHILY JACK SLIPS OUT OF BED WHILE DUNAL WATCHES FROM THE CLOSET.



LOOKOUT, MASTER! IT'S LANE-- HE'S--

AS JACK CHARGES LOW, RUPPERT SPINS AROUND AND FIRES, BUT MYRA FRANKLY GRABS HIS ARM IN TIME TO REFLECT THE BULLET.



IN THE SAME INSTANT, THE DOCTOR LEAPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE TO CLOSE WITH TITO, ARMED WITH A LARGE BOTTLE OF A PARTICULARLY POWERFUL ANESTHETIC.



MYRA CAN SCARCELY RESTRAIN A SMILE AS SHE WATCHES THE EFFICIENT MANNER IN WHICH JACK AND THE DOCTOR GO ABOUT SUBDUING THEIR TWO ENEMIES.



I DON'T BELIEVE THEY'LL NEED ANY MORE HELP FROM ME--

MEANWHILE IN THE LITTLE STEEL ROOM OFF THE LABORATORY, CAESAR PATIENTLY WORKS ON THE LOCK WITH ALL THE SKILL OF A HUMAN SAFE CRACKER.



Myra North



Special Nurse

By RAY THOMPSON
and CHARLES COLL

HIS HUMAN CURIOSITY AROUSED BY THE SOUNDS OF A SCUFFLE UPSTAIRS, CAESAR, THE APE, EFFICIENTLY PICKS THE LOCK ON HIS STEEL DOOR AND SETS HIMSELF FREE.



MEANWHILE MYRA JACK AND THE DOCTOR ARE CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES UPON THE SUCCESS OF THEIR PLAN THAT TOOK TITO AND SUPPORT BY SURPRISE.



"SPLENDID WORK, DR. DUVAL, AND JACK, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!"

"THANKS TO YOUR QUICK THINKING MYRA, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!"

"COME, WE MUST NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES!"



BUT AT THAT MOMENT CAESAR APPEARS AT THE DOOR, GROWLING VICIOUSLY.



"LOOK OUT, MYRA! I'D BETTER PUT A BULLET THROUGH THE BEAST'S HEAD!"



"NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE KILLING A HUMAN BEING!"

"YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS NORTH. HE SEEMS TO TRUST YOU -- SEE IF YOU CAN GET HAA TO DO WITH US TO THE LABORATORY!"

BUT DR. DUVAL, IT'S NOT NATURAL FOR AN ANIMAL TO HAVE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE! HE'S BETTER OFF DEAD."



"YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT LANE, WITH OUT CONTINUAL INJECTIONS OF THE HUMAN GLAND SECRETIONS USED BY SUPPORT HIS INTELLIGENCE WILL GRADUALLY DISAPPEAR."

"LISTEN CAESAR... IF YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, CAN YOU ANSWER BY NODDING YOUR HEAD!"



"VERY WELL, THEN -- WAS THIS MONEY STOLEN FROM SOMEWHERE? FOR INSTANCE, A BANK?"



"THERE YOU ARE, MR. DETECTIVE... YOUR CASE IS COMPLETE, CONFESION AND EVERYTHING! BUT WHEN YOU CALL THE POLICE, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU NEED EXPLAIN ABOUT CAESAR'S HUMAN INTELLIGENCE -- IT MIGHT REFLECT ON YOUR OWN MENTAL SOUNDNESS."



"YES... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MYRA... WHAT A CASE!"



"AND NOW, MYRA, WE MUST LEAVE PINE GLADES... BUT WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE APE?"



"I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE HIM WITH ME. IF DR. DUVAL HAS NO OBJECTIONS, CAESAR SHOULD MAKE A WONDERFUL PET!"

Myra North



Special Nurse
by RAY THOMPSON and CHARLES COLL

TODAY WE FIND MYRA AND JACK BAR FROM PINE GLACIES, ON THE NEW YORK ROAD, AND IN A GALA MOOD AFTER THE EXHAUSTIVE EXPERIENCE WITH DR. DUNN.



SAY MYRA ARE YOU REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT KEEPING CAESAR FOR A PET?

I DON'T KNOW JACK - HE MAY COME IN VERY USEFUL ON FUTURE CASES - ONE NEVER KNOWS!

BUT, DIDN'T THE DOCTOR TELL US THAT WITHOUT THE GRAND SECTIONS INJECTIONS HE'D GO DALLY LONELY AND HUMAN INTELLIGENCE!

YES, THAT'S WHY I WANT TO GO TO NEW YORK. I KNOW OF A PET SHOP THERE THAT WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF CAESAR WHILE WE STUDY HIS PROBLEMS.



AH, BUT THOSE SPIRES LOOK GREAT AGAIN, MYRA. WHAT SAY WE DO A LITTLE CELEBRATING TONIGHT?

SOUNDS GREAT TO ME!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER THE CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF A SWANNY AND TOWN PET SHOP.



I SHAN'T BE LONG, JACK - THEN ON WITH THE CELEBRATION!

RIGHTO, MYRA. SO LONG, CAESAR. OLD BOY - I'LL BE SEEING YA!



VERY WELL, MISS NORTH - CAESAR SHALL HAVE EXCELLENT CARE - WE DEEM IT A PRIVILEGE TO STUDY SUCH AN UNUSUAL ANIMAL.

BE SURE AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU NOTICE ANY UNUSUAL CHANGE IN HIM.



I'M BEING SILLY - BUT SOMEHOW, IT SEEMS JUST LIKE SAYING GOOD BYE TO AN OLD FRIEND.



HEY THERE! WHY THE LONG FACE? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HAVING FUN! AND I'VE JUST HAD A GRAND IDEA!



I JUST RECALLED THAT AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE HAS A PENT HOUSE IN THAT BIG BUILDING OVER THERE - HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN AGES - BUT HE'S ALWAYS READY FOR A PARTY - LET'S RUN UP AND SEE HIM. HIS NAME IS JEFFREY GARLAND AND...

JEFFREY GARLAND! WHY THAT'S THE WELL KNOWN ARTIST AND SCULPTOR!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER ATOP THE LOFTY BUILDING, A GREATLY PUZZLED BUTLER IS STARTLED BY THE HARSH SOUND OF THE DOOR BUZZER.



WHO ON EARTH COULD BE COMING HERE... AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK THE PENT HOUSE MYSTERY

WASH TUBBS

By GRANE

ROUND 3. CYCLONE DUFFY LEADS WITH A LEFT, AS EASY COUNTERS WITH A LEFT, A RIGHT, THEN ANOTHER LEFT AND A RIGHT.



EASY CUTS LOOSE WITH A CLAW ASSORTMENT OF HOOKE, JABS AND UPPER CUTS. CYCLONE'S KNEES BUCKLE. HE CLUNGES, EASY'S ROUND BY A MILE.

DIP YOUR HANDS IN THE WATER BUCKET.



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ROUNDS EASY JABS LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO THE FACE CYCLONE LANDS A WILD RIGHT



EASY'S DOWN HE'S OUT!



WHA-WHAT HAPPENED? HELP ME, EASY, I DUNNO, YOU WERE WHIPPIN' THE TAR OUT THAT TENT SHOW FELLOW, AND BANG! YOU'VE BEEN OUT FOR AGES. THE SHOW'S GONE.

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THEY CHEATED US! THAT BLASTED TENT SHOW WAS TO PAY ME \$2 FOR FIGHTING CYCLONE DUFFY.

WAL, SON, I'M FRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU. THE SHOW'S ALREADY LEFT TOWN.



THEN, BY JASPER, WE'RE GOING TO POSSUM GROVE, TOO.

YERN! YERN! WE ARE, WE GOTTA CLEET THAT MONEY, OR STARVE.

WASH TUBBS

By CRANE

I WANT THAT \$2 I WAS GUNNA GET FOR FIGHTING CYCLONE DUFFY IN WINDMILL CITY LAST NIGHT

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! WHY YOU'RE THE LAD WHO GOT KNOCKED OUT IN THE SECOND ROUND.

YES, AND I WANT MY MONEY—I'M HUNGRY!

WHY, CERTAINLY! MY BOY, AN OVERSIGHT, I ASSURE YOU

UH—BY THE WAY, NOW YOU LIKE TO HAVE DUFFY'S JOB?

HAS HE QUIT?



NO, INDEED! BUT YOU'RE A HEAD BETTER FIGHTER THAN HE IS, SON—I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY BUCKS A WEEK, WOTTA YOU SAY!

WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO TAKE OVER DUFFY'S FIGHTING JOB?

EXACTLY, ONE SHOW A DAY, MEET ALL COMERS, \$30 A WEEK, AND EATS.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SAM, DUFFY KNOCKED ME OUT.

AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY, HIS GLOVES WERE STUFFED WITH PLASTER OF PARIS.



LISTEN, BOY, IF YOU'D LICKED HIM TO DEATH TO PAY YOU \$100, SO BETWEEN ROUNDS, HE DIPPED HIS GLOVES IN WATER.

THE PLASTER OF PARIS BECAME AS HARD AS A ROCK. SOKKO! DOWN YOU WENT. WELL, NOW ABOUT IT I WANT THE JOB?

WELL, WHAT THE BLAZES! A FELLA'S GOTTA EAT.

PLEASE, MISTER, KIN I HAVE A JOB, TOO!

SAY, WHAT THE SAM HILL! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A LITTLE BOY.



BY SOLLY! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, I'M A **MAN!** A FULL-GROWN **MAN!**

HE'S AN BUDDY.

WELL, LET'S SEE, HE'S NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR A LABORER AND TOO BIG FOR A MIDGET.

I HAVE IT! YOU CAN BE THE **MUSICAL DIRECTOR!** SHOW CAN'T AFFORD A BAND, YOU'LL PLAY THE CONCERT, PHONOGRAPH AND BEAT THE DRUMS FOR THE HOOD DANCERS, THREE BUCKS A WEEK.



WASH TUBBS

By GRANE

THE SHOW MAKES ONE NIGHT STANDS YOU BOSS! DRIVE THIS TRUCK, AND SLEEP ON THE CUSHIONS.



THIS IS MAZIE, MY ONE AND ONLY DAUGHTER. SHE'S ONE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND GIRLS, AND HANGS BY HER TAIL IN THE MONKEY ACT.



AND HERE'S THE COOKHOUSE.



HELP YOURSELVES TO THE EATS, BUT GO EASY, MIND YOU—THE CONFONDED SHOW'S NEARLY ON THE ROCKS.



ABOUT TIME FOR THE PERFORMANCE, SON. UM—BY THE WAY WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN? EASY



IS THAT ALL? THAT'S ALL, SUM, THAT I CARE TO MENTION.



DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A PAST, AHEN! WE'D BETTER BILL YOU AS SOKKO SULLIVAN, AND REMEMBER, ANY TIME YOU'RE LOSING, JUST DIP YOUR GLOVES IN THE OLD WATER BUCKET.



I'LL FIGHT FAIR, SUM, OR NOT AT ALL.

IF YOU CAN WHIP 'EM FAIR, SO MUCH THE BETTER. BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT—YOU'RE PAID TO WIN **EVERY FIGHT**. THIS SHOW AN'T GOT A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SHELL OUT IF YOU LOSE!



BOW
WOW
JONES
WHOOOPS
IT
UP!

WHO WANTS TO MAKE A HUNDRED DOLLARS, FOLKS? WHO CAN WHIP THIS BIG CITY SLICKER?



AH, HERE'S A MAN, FOLKS I MEAN A **MAN!** LOOK AT HIS SIZE—PEEL THAT MUSCLE! **HOO-EE!**



HAD ANY EXPERIENCE, SON?



SHORE, I'M ELMER PLUNKETT, THE CHAMPION OF SILO COUNTY, FOUR CONSECUTIVE KNOCKOUTS.

WASH TUBBS

By CRANE



FIRST ON THE PROGRAM IS ZOOK



THEN COME OTHER FREAKS ACROBATS MAGICIANS JUGGLERS AND WILD MEN AND HULU GIRLS



ALSO MADAME BUTTERFLY THE SHIMMY QUEEN



AND THEN THE GRAND FINALE



TALKING SHOP

by WILLIAMS

WHAT'S THIS ON ONE OF YOUR JOB CARDS - THIRTY ONE MINUTES BOOK KEEPING?

OH, THAT? WHY THAT'S THE TIME I PUT IN MAKING OUT THEM CARDS - THAT TAKES TIME, THE SAME AS ANY THING ELSE, AN' I'M KINDA DUMB AT FIGGERING.

THEY'LL FIND IT YET - SOME WAY OF GETTIN' RID OF OFFICE FORLES. THEY'LL HAVE YOUR MACHINE RIDGED UP SO IT WILL MAKE OUT YOUR PNY CHECK.

THEY HAVE, NOW, ONLY THEY AIN'T MOVED EM. DOWN HERE YET - BUT SOME DUMB BUY LIKE THAT WILL MAKE EM THINK OF IT.



FIRE BEFORE HE EVEN STARTED TH' MACHINE! HOW CAN THEY TELL WHAT A MAN CAN DO, BEFORE HE STARTS A MACHINE?

THAT'S A RECORD! I CAN'T FIGURE IT - FIRST HE PUT ON HIS OVERALLS, WHICH WAS ALL RIGHT - THEN

THEN HE STARTED TO OIL TH' MACHINE, WHICH WAS ALL RIGHT -

AND TH' FIRST HOLE HE SQUIRTS OIL INTO WAS TH' CENTER IN A SHAFT - SO THEY FIRED HIM, BEFORE HE PUT ANY IN TH' CAT HOLES AROUND TH' MACHINE.



THE OIL CAN

THERE'S A ODD ONE! PAY PNY - AN' TH' YOUNG GUY IS RUSHIN' HOME TO MAKE TH' FIRST PAYMENT ON A NEW HOME, AN' TH' OLD GUY IS RUSHIN' TO MAKE TH' LAST PAYMENT ON AN OLD HOME -

AN' THEY'RE BOTH HAPPY! IT'S TH' GUYS IN BETWEEN LIKE ME, WHO DON'T DO AN' RUSHIN' ON PNY PAY - YOU'LL FIND TH' GUYS WHO ARE ON THEIR THIRTIETH PAYMENT AWAY BACK IN THIS LINE - AWAY BACK!



THE FRESHMAN AND THE GRADUATE.

JUST A MOMENT! THIS "WHO'S WHO" HAS A LOT OF QUESTIONS HERE - THEY WANT TO KNOW WHAT OFFICES YOU'VE HELD, WHAT HONORS, AND WHAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO ART, LITERATURE - AND A LOT OF OTHER QUESTIONS - IF YOU HAVE A MOMENT.

HA - HA! THAT'LL BE TH' SHORTEST THING EVER TO GO IN "WHO'S WHO" FOUR YEARS IN ONE GRADE AND FORTY YEARS IN ONE SHOP!



SHORT NOTICE

WHAT IF I DO THAT ABOUT THINGS I DON'T LIKE? "OOH, GAWD! WHY DO DEEPUL HAFTA WASH? OO-GOOD NIGHT! WHY DO DEEPUL HAFTA IRON? OO-DOONITY! WHY DO DEEPUL HAFTA MAKE BEDS? OO-DOO! WHY DO MOTHERS HAFTA OX KIDS IN TH' MORNING? -OH! WHY DO DEEPUL HAFTA WASH YAD YAD? THIS IS YOU, TO A TEE!

OH, THAT'S DIFFRINT! A GUY THINKIN' AN' STUDYIN' IN SCHOOL, AN' COMES HOME TO COLD PUTATUNS, COLD HOUSE, SCOPY SMELLS, COLD TREATMENT, COLD EVERYTHIN'! THAT'S DIFFRINT! VERY DIFFRINT! WASH DAY - BLAH!



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

TALKING SHOP

by WILLIAMS



TALKING SHOP

by WILLIAMS



Continued Next Month

BUCK JONES in the ROCK CREEK CATTLE WAR

DRAWN BY KENNETH ERNST

BUCK JONES AND DAVE FALLON, THE TWO-GUN KID, HAVE DECIDED TO "RUSTLE" SOME STOLEN CATTLE IN ORDER TO PROVE THAT THE BRANDS HAVE BEEN CHANGED!



SURE AN'YELL NOT BE L'AVIN' ME BEHIND! WAN MORE GUN'D COME IN HANDY IN A SCRAP!



HOW 'BOUT THIS PAIR I BRUNG ALONG?



I BROUGHT MY GUN TOO... I CAN RIDE AND SHOOT WELL ENOUGH TO MAKE A HAND I RECKON!

THE MEN PROTESTED BUT IN THE END JUNE HALDIN HAD HER WAY AND WENT ALONG!



DAWN FOUND THEM IN SIGHT OF A SMALL BUNCH OF UNEASY YOUNG CATTLE!



JEST LISTEN TUM THAT BELLERIN'! I BETCHA THAT STOCK HAS JEST BEEN WORKED OVER WITH A RUNNIN' IRON!

LET'S GO DOWN ON FOOT AND FIND OUT, THE OTHERS CAN WAIT HERE!



IT'S THE BUNCH WE WANT, ALLRIGHT! ALL OFF 'EM NURSIN' FRESH BRANDS SEE THAT ONE NURSIN' HER SORE HIP? LET'S GO!

FIRST WE MUST MAKE SURE TH' COWHANDS SLEEP LONGERIN' USUAL THIS MORNIN'.. COME ON!



THE COWHANDS ON DUTY WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



FREEZE, HOMBRE, OR I'LL DRILL YORE SPINE!

BUCK JONES in the ROCK CREEK CATTLE WAR



WILLARD'S PUNCHERS TAKEN CARE OF, BUCK AND THE KID REJOINED THE OTHERS



THESE BRANDS ARE WORKED-OVER SKILLET IRONS OR FLYING-F'S AND NO MISTAKE BUT WE BETTER WATCH FOR TROUBLE--WE'RE STILL IN WILLARD'S TERRITORY!

JUNE KEPT UP AHEAD TO SCOUT OUT THE LAY OF THE LAND



WASN'T THAT JUNE HOLLERING FOR HELP?

COME ON--WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



LET THAT GAL ALONE, HOMBRE!



THE YELLOW-STRIPED SKUNK--TRIED TO ROPE ME OFF MY HORSE AND MISSED! GOT DOWN AND WENT FOR HIM--THE RAT!

WE GOTTA PUSH ALONG RIGHT SMART--THAT RANGE BUM WILL TAKE THE WORD TO WILLARD'S RIDERS--LUCKILY WE'LL BE IN OPEN COUNTRY AND CAN SEE 'EM COMING!



I'D SURE HATE TO TURN THESE COWS LOOSE NOW... BUT MAYBE WE COULD OUTFRAN THEM RIDERS IF THEY SHOW UP



BUCK JONES in the ROCK CREEK CATTLE WAR



NOT ON YOUR LIFE, BUCK JONES! I'M STAYING AS LONG AS THERE'S A FIGHTING CHANCE---IF SOMEBODY HAS TO GO FOR HELP---DRAW LOTS!

THEY RIDE ON TO GAIN PRECIOUS MINUTES BEFORE THEY MUST TURN AND FIGHT



WILLARD'S MEN SHOOT THE CATTLE FIRST, TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS A PRAIRIE FORT!



BUCK AND HIS FRIENDS KILL THE CATTLE INSTANTLY---TO MAKE A FORT OF THEIR BODIES---

BULLETS FLY THICK AND FAST!



BUCK JONES in the ROCK CREEK CATTLE WAR

OF THE FIVE HORSES, ONLY BUCK'S SILVER HAD BEEN TRAINED TO LIE DOWN AT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND.



WAL WE DROVE 'EM OFF ONCE AN' WE'LL DO IT AGAIN! IF ONLY BUCK WOULD LET US SHOOT TO KILL!

ONLY SILVER AND TIM'S ROAN ARE LEFT OF THE HORSES BUCK!



LISTEN---WILLARD'S MEN WILL SPREAD OUT AND CIRCLE US---SOMEONE MUST GO FOR HELP NOW!



I'LL GO BUCK! I SHOULD GONE BEFORE!

TAKE SILVER... BUT SIT AND COUNT A HUNDRED FIRST, AN' THEN JUMP HIM OVER THE BRESTWORKS AND RIDE!



WHAT'S HE DOIN? IS HE CRAZY? STOP HIM!



HE'S HEADIN' SOUTH STRAIGHT FOR SUICIDE!



BUCK CREATED A DIVERSION TO GIVE JUNE HER CHANCE!



GOOD LUCK JUNE... BUCK SHORE GAVE YA A BREAK BY THAT CRAZY STUNT OF HIS!



THE LITTLE PARTY IN THE PRAIRIE FORT WILL BE IN DESPERATE STRAITS IF JUNE DOES NOT REACH TIM'S SKILLET IRON RANCH IN TIME!

The NEBBS

By SOL HESS



LADY, YOU WON'T THINK ME RUDE IF I PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS. I LOVE FLOWERS.

WOULD YOU LIKE ONE FOR YOUR BUTTIFY, HONEY?



I SHALL WEAR IT AND JUST BEFORE IT WITHERS I'M GOING TO PRESS IT IN MY DIARY BOOK ON THE EXACT DATE YOU GAVE IT TO ME... AND IT WILL BE ALWAYS INTERWOVEN IN THE TENDEREST MEMORIES OF MY LIFE!



THANKS AGAIN...MY NAME IS BRUCE ARDLEY AND MAY I ASK YOUR NAME, MY GRACIOUS LADY?

MY NAME'S EMMA GRUNTLEY...PEOPLE AROUND HERE CALL ME EMMY...I WOULD TELL YOU WHAT MY PAPPY CALLS ME...IT SOUNDS SILLY.

BRUCE ARDLEY WORKS FAST...HERE HE IS A GUEST FOR DINNER AT THE GRUNTLEY HOMESTEAD AFTER ONE DAY'S ACQUAINTANCE.



HELLO MR GRUNTLEY... WHEN I EXPECTED TO MEET AN OLD MAN... TIME HAS CERTAINLY DEALT GENTLY WITH YOU.

PLEASUED TO MEET UP WITH YOU.

PS! GO PUT ON A SHIRT!



I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD, TASTED FOOD IN ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY BUT I CALL THIS FOOD!!

THANKS EXTREMELY FOR THE COMPLIMENT.



I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK BECAUSE I'M DOLLY HERE I'M A DICKER... IN '29 I WAS RICH... I HAD A YACHT SO BIG IT TOOK A BIG OCEAN TO TURN AROUND IN, BUT THE PANIC TOOK ME, BUT I'LL BE BACK.



GEE, HONEY FACE YOU LOOK SWELL IN THAT OUTFIT AND I LIKE YOUR HAT... IT'S A BIT DINKY BUT SO BECOMING!

IT'S THE OUTFIT... I HAD THIS OUTFIT ON MANY TIMES AND ITS THE FIRST TIME YOU NOTICED IT... I BELIEVE YOU'RE TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF WHAT I'M THINKIN'.



ANGEL GIRL, I'M NOT SHART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN' BUT YOU DO LOOK A BIT PRETURBED NOW THAT I NOTICE IT... I SINCERELY HOPE I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

NO? YOU GOT \$84 TO DO WITH IT AND I LOST \$25 A WEEK WORRIN' OVER IT.

The NEBBBS

By SOL HESS



The NEBBS

By SOL HESS



Continued Next Month

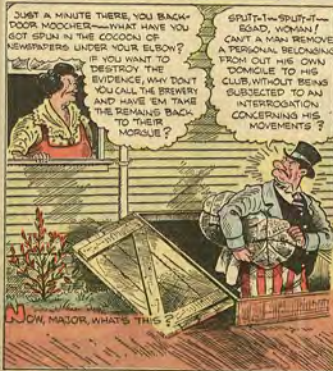
MAJOR HOOPLE




MAJOR HOOPLE




MAJOR HOOPLE



JUST A MINUTE THERE, YOU BACK-DOOR MOOCHER—WHAT HAVE YOU GOT SPUN IN THE COCOON OF NEWSPAPERS UNDER YOUR ELBOW?

IF YOU WANT TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE, WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE BREWERY AND HAVE 'EM TAKE THE REMAINS BACK TO THEIR MORGUE?

SPUTT—T—SPUTT—T—
EGAD, WOMAN! CAN'T A MAN REMOVE A PERSONAL BELONGING FROM OUT HIS OWN DOMICILE TO HIS CLUB, WITHOUT BEING SUBJECTED TO AN INTERROGATION CONCERNING HIS MOVEMENTS?

NON, MAJOR, WHAT'S THIS?



HAW, JASON! THERE WE ARE—ALL READY FOR THE UNVEILING! EGAD, IN YEARS TO COME, THIS TROPHY WILL BE ONE OF UNEGOTIABLE VALUE AS BEING THE LARGEST SPECIMEN OF THE FEROCIOUS FELUS CONCOLOR SPECIES EVER SHOT BY MAN—A SYMBOL OF THE DEADLINESS OF THE HOOPLE AIM!

YES SAH, MISTAH MAJAH, YOU IS RIGHT, YO MISSUS! SHO CAN POP DE TARGET TO TURN HER LOOSE IN A KITCHEN, WIFF A TIGAH AN' AH BET DE TIGAH COMES OUTA HIS HIDE!



LMP—KAFF—KAFF—
FELLOW OWLS—TO ALL GREAT SPORTSMEN, THE ACT OF GIVING HAS EVER BEEN A SECRET JOY—HAR—RUMF— FROM THE MIGHTY HUNTERS ON DOWN THE SABERTOOTH ON DOWN THE AGES UNTIL TODAY! AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, BRINGS US TO THE EVENT OF THE EVENING—MY GIFT TO OUR BELOVED CLUB—A TROPHY GLEANED AFTER A BATTLE FRAUGHT WITH PERIL!

TH' MAJOR IS LIKE TH' NEEDLE TAKES ALL TH' CREDIT, WHEN IT'S TH' YARN THAT FILLS TH' HOLE!



THERE, LADS! LMP—P—RUMF— GAZE UPON MY GIFT TO OUR BELOVED CLUB—MY PRIZE TROPHY—THE LARGEST AND MOST FEROCIOUS OF MOUNTAIN LIONS—KOF—KOF—F— KILLED BY MY OWN HAND AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE!

IT'S AN AIRPLANE CARRIER—LOOK AT TH' BEV' OF MOTH PLANES SWARMING OFF ITS TOP DECK!

IT'S BEEN IN A BATTLE, ALL RIGHT—WITH AN ARMY OF MOTHS—AND LOST! WHERE IS TH' SPRAY GUN THAT GOES WITH IT?

TH' BIG BUNKER! IF HE BAGGED THAT STUFFED MOUNTAIN-FROWLER, IT WAS SO LONG AGO, HE DROPPED IT WITH A STONE WAGON!

THE UNVEILING

CLYDE BEATTY

DARE DEVIL LION TAMER

DRAWN BY
AL LEWIN



AS SOON AS THE TRAIN IS LOADED, JIMMY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

IT'S SWELL HAVING YOUR OWN TRAIN TO TRAVEL ON, MR. BEATTY



TAKE IT EASY THERE, BOYS-- DON'T STIR UP THOSE CATS TOO MUCH!

THEY DON'T SEEM TO LIKE THE IDEA OF GOING FOR A TRAIN RIDE, DO THEY, MR. BEATTY?



YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, JIMMY-- I ALWAYS SUPERVISE THE LOADING JOB MYSELF

IT WOULD BE TOO BAD IF THOSE BABIES EVER GOT LOOSE, WOULDN'T IT?



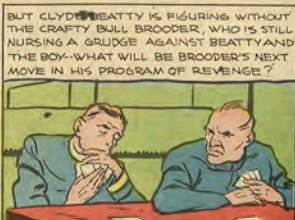
THIS IS WHERE WE LIVE WHILE WE'RE TRAVELING--HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

SWELL, MR. BEATTY-- YOU'VE GOT AN OBSERVATION PLATFORM ON BACK AN' EVERYTHING



WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY, MR. BEATTY-- THIS'LL BE MY FIRST TRIP WITH THE SHOW

YEP! NOW WE CAN RELAX TILL WE HAVE TO UNLOAD TOMORROW NIGHT!



BUT CLYDE BEATTY IS FIGURING WITHOUT THE CRAFTY BULL BROODER, WHO IS STILL NURSING A GRUDGE AGAINST BEATTY AND THE BOY--WHAT WILL BE BROODER'S NEXT MOVE IN HIS PROGRAM OF REVENGE?

CLYDE BEATTY

DARE DEVIL LION TAMER

DRAWN
BY
AL LEWIN

CLYDE BEATTY'S SPECIAL TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE COUNTRY-SIDE WITH ITS LOAD OF PRECIOUS FREIGHT ON THE FIRST TOUR OF THE SEASON!



WELL, BROODER YOU'VE BEEN A PRETTY GOOD BOY SINCE MR BEATTY PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!

DON'T WORRY-- I AIN'T THROUGH WITH THAT CAT TRAINER AND HIS BOY WONDER YET!

SAYS YOU!

I'M SICK OF GETTIN' RIBBED ABOUT THAT WHIPPIN'-- I'LL FIX BEATTY AND THE KID ONCE AND FOR ALL!



BEATTY AND THE KID WITH ALL THEIR CATS IS IN THE REAR CARS-- I'LL LET 'EM GO FOR A LITTLE RIDE ALL BY THEMSELVES!



BROODER FIGHTS FRANTICALLY TO UNCOUPLE THE REAR CARS AT THE TOP OF A STEEP GRADE--- WILL HE SUCCEED?



DON'T FORGET, KID-- YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOME STUDYING EVERYDAY!

OKAY, MR. BEATTY, BUT IT'S PRETTY HARD TO KEEP MY MIND ON SCHOOL BOOKS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



CLYDE BEATTY

DARE DEVIL LION TAMER

DRAWN BY
AL LEWIN



BUT THE TRAIN HAD REACHED THE TOP OF THE GRADE BEFORE BROODER WAS ABLE TO TURN THE REAR CARS LOOSE. NOW THEY ARE BEARING DOWN ON THE TRAIN.



THE REAR CARS ARE LOOSE! THERE'S GOING TO BE A CRASH!

WE'RE ON THE DOWN GRADE!

DID YOU PULL THIS SCURVY TRICK, BROODER?



WONDER WHY THAT ENGINEER IS HANGING ONTO THE WHISTLE - HE'S BEEN BLOWING IT FOR THE LAST THREE MINUTES!

MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG, MR BEATTY.



OUR CARS ARE SEPARATED FROM THE TRAIN, MR BEATTY!

YES-AND WE'RE ON THE DOWNGRADE-BEARING DOWN ON THEM FAST!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, MR BEATTY?

THE TRAIN HAS TO WAIT A COUPLE OF MILES FROM HERE FOR THE EXPRESS TO COME THROUGH - WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE CARS!

AL LEWIN

Gen. Winslow

OF THE NAVY
by
LIEUT. COMDR FV MARTINEK, USNR,
and LEON A. BERTH

DR. CENTAUR, THE SCORPION INVENTOR, HAS ATTACKED THE U.S. CRUISER WITH A STRANGE WEAPON THAT GENERATES ULTRA-SHORT SOUND WAVES

THE CRUISER IS OURS -- COME ON!

NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED? LOOK AT THESE MARINES --



Don Winslow

by LIEUT. COMDR. EV. MARTINEK, U.S.N.R.
and LEON A. BERTH



PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE U.S. CRUISER HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS TO DR. CENTAUR'S STRANGE WEAPON!

WE'LL GET THEM BELOW DECK'S QUICK BEFORE THEY REVIVE.



THIS'LL HOLD 'EM!

THEY'LL BE HELPLESS--LOCKED BEHIND THIS STEEL DOOR!



AND NOW AS SOON AS OUR OWN CREW COMES ABOARD WE'LL BE UNDER WAY--



AH! HERE THEY COME-- AND THEY'VE SCUTTLED THE OLD "TRAMP"...



THE BIASTED OLD TUB LEAVES A LOT OF WRECKAGE BUT THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA



I'LL LEAVE A FAKE MESSAGE TO THROW PURSUERS OFF OUR TRAIL



"WE'VE COLLIDED WITH UNKNOWN STEAMER IN FOG-- RADIO DISABLED-- BOTH SHIP'S SINKING FAST--"



NOW I'LL LOOK FOR AN EMPTY BOTTLE... IF WINSLOW ONLY FINDS THIS!



I HEARD EVERY WORD-- FATHER MUST BE MAD! HOW CAN I STOP THIS?



I WAVE IT! I'LL SEND WINSLOW A WARNING IN THAT SAME BOTTLE-- AND FATHER WILL NEVER KNOW!

Don Winslow

 by LIEUT. COMDR. EV. MARTINEZ, U.S.N.R.
 and LEON A. BERTH


"I MUST END FATHER'S CRIMES! I'M GOING TO WRITE A WARNING IN INVISIBLE INK TO COMMANDER WINSLOW ON THE BACK OF THIS FAKE MESSAGE!"

"I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT-- HERE'S A HANDKERCHIEF FATHER KEEPS SATURATED WITH COBALT SALTS--"



"THIS GLASS OF WATER-- AFTER THE HANDKERCHIEF IS SOAKED IN IT-- WILL BECOME 'INVISIBLE INK'."



"NOW I'LL DIP AN ORDINARY PEN IN IT AND WRITE ON THE BACK OF THE PENCILED MESSAGE."



"I FOUND AN OLD BOTTLE-- AT LAST-- THIS MESSAGE BUSINESS MUST BE DONE IN PROPER STYLE--"



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DAUGHTER? GIVE ME THAT PAPER!"



"DIDN'T I WARN YOU NEVER TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS?"

"YES, FATHER."



"THIS BOTTLE WILL FLY AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF THE SUNKEN STEAMER"



"WE'LL SEE WHETHER THE CLEVER DON WINSLOW WILL COME UPON MY LITTLE SOUVENIR!"

MEANTIME WINSLOW AND PENNINGTON ABOARD THEIR SPEEDING CRUISER ARE NEARING THE SPOT



"REMEMBER THE MYSTERY OF THE 'U.S.S. CYCLOPS'-- THE COLLIER LOST AT SEA IN 1918?"

"YEAH, NO TRACE OF HER WAS EVER DISCOVERED"



"BUT WE KNOW THE EXACT SEA-LANE OUR LOST CRUISER WAS TRAVELING, RED-- WE'RE BOUND TO FIND A CLUE!"

Don Winslow

by LIEUT. COMDR. E. V. MARTINEZ, U.S.N.R.
and LEON A. BERTH



MISTER WINSLOW!
WE'VE REACHED THE
SPOT WHERE THE LOST
CRUISER LAST REPORTED
HER POSITION



WELL, SHE'S
NOWHERE IN
SIGHT, DON--



NO, RED, BUT
TAKE A LOOK
THROUGH THESE
GLASSES



GOSH! THERE'S A MASS
OF WRECKAGE! HAS THE
CRUISER FOUNDERED?



WE'LL LOOK INTO
THIS... LOWER AWAY,
BOATSWAIN

AYE,
AYE,
SIR



THAT OLD WOODEN
DOOR NEVER CAME
OFF A U.S. WAR-
SHIP, RED!

YOU'RE
RIGHT
DON



HEY! THERE'S A
BOTTLE WITH SOMETHING
WHITE INSIDE!

COULD IT
BE A
MESSAGE?



LIGHT A MATCH
UNDER THIS TOP,
RED-- IT STICKS



WE'LL HAVE
IT LOOSE IN
A MINUTE

BY GOLLY,
RED--LOOK!



THE HEAT'S BRINGING OUT
ANOTHER MESSAGE ON THE
BACK OF THE PAPER-- HURRY UP.
LET'S GET AT THIS!

TOM MIX

AND THE
FENCE WAR IN
PAINTED VALLEY

ALTHOUGH TOM MIX, UNJUSTLY ACCUSED OF KILLING THE CAMERON, HAS CONVINCED THE SHERIFF HE'S INNOCENT --- AN ANGRY MOB INCITED BY JEFF CARTER, FOREMAN OF CAMERON'S RANCH, TAKES THE JAIL

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, TOM MIX DIDN'T KILL THE CAMERON!

CAMERON'S DAUGHTER HAD HIM LOCKED UP THAT'S ENOUGH FOR US--- COME ON! HAUL 'IM OUTA THERE!

MEANWHILE THE SMALL RANCHERS OF PAINTED VALLEY GATHER SWIFTLY TO SAVE TOM MIX FROM THE MOB



THE CAMERON WAS MY BEST FRIEND--I CAME HERE TO FIND HIS KILLER

THAT'S A GOOD ONE --- DOWN TO THE SYCAMORES WITH 'IM



LOOK'S LIKE I WAS GETTIN' CLOSE TO FINDIN' HIS KILLER TOO--HE'S USIN' YOU MEN TO GET RID O' ME

HAW!



WAL, HE SOON WON'T SHOOT NOBODY BLISE IN THE BACK!

IF YOU DON'T FIND THE REAL KILLER YOU'LL ALL BE IN DANGER OF MEETIN' THE SAME FATE!



EVEN AS TOM STALLED FOR TIME AND WATCHED HIS CHANCE --- HELP WAS CLOSE AT HAND!



WE'RE NOT TOO LATE--- RUSH 'EM, BOYS--RUSH 'EM!



LOOK OUT! IT'S THE MASKED RIDERS!



TOM MIX

AND THE
FENCE WAR IN
PAINTED VALLEY



CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THE SUDDEN RUSH OF THE MASKED RANCHERS, THE MOB SCATTERS--IN THE CONFUSION TOM BREAKS FREE!



COME ON-- WE'RE NOT IN THE CLEAR YET!

CUT ME LOOSE, BILL!



THIS WAS CARTER'S WORK, TOM! I HEARD HIM PLANNING IT!

YEAH, AN' NOW I THINK I KNOW WHY CARTER WANTS ME OUT OF THE WAY!



I HAVE A HUNCH I CAN TRAD THE REAL KILLER NOW, BILL!



WE'LL RIDE AGAIN IF YOU NEED US, TOM MIX!

THE SMALL RANCHERS WHO RALLIED TO BILL TISON'S CALL AND SAVED TOM MIX, HEAD FOR THEIR HOMES!



BETTER MAKE YOUR HEADQUARTERS WITH ME 'N' ADAMS, TOM!

THANKS, BILL, BUT I NEED A HIDEOUT WHERE I'LL BE HARD TO FIND FOR A COUPLA DAYS!



MEANWHILE THE SHERIFF GIVES THE CAMERON'S DAUGHTER SOME GOODADVICE!



BROUGHT UP EAST LIKE YOU BEEN, THERE'S A HEAD YOU GOTTA LEARN! I GOT PROOF TOM'S INNOCENT, MISS NAN, BUT SOME OF YOUR BOYS TRIED TO LYNCH HIM LAST NIGHT!

TOM MIX

AND THE
FENCE WAR IN
PAINTED VALLEY

I KNOW THAT CARTER LIED TO ME--- TOM MIX AND THE SMALL RANCHERS WERE MY FATHER'S FRIENDS--- NOT HIS ENEMIES--- WHERE CAN I FIND TOM?



BILL TISON MIGHT KNOW WHERE TOM IS--- MISS NAN---

THANKS, SHERIFF--- I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.



MEANWHILE BILL LEADS TOM TO A CANYON HIDEOUT



THERE'S A DRY CAVE IN THERE, TOM.

I'LL HOLE UP THERE TILL SUNDOWN--- THEN CUT FOR THE CAMERON RANCH--- IF I'M LUCKY I'LL HAVE DAVE CAMERON'S KILLER BY MORNING.



NAN FINDS BILL TISON AND PLEADS WITH HIM TO TELL HER WHERE SHE CAN FIND TOM



JEFF CARTER, MY LYING FOREMAN, MADE ME THINK YOU AND THE OTHER RANCHERS WERE MY ENEMIES--- NOW BILL TISON, I KNOW THE TRUTH, AND I'VE GOT TO FIND TOM MIX--- WHERE IS HE?



WAL, YOU TRICKED HIM ONCE BUT I BELIEVE YOU THIS TIME--- HE'S IN A CAVE HALFWAY UP THE CANYON YONDER.



UNKNOWN TO NAN, HER FOREMAN HAS TRAILED HER AND LIES IN AMBUSH



SHE'S WISE TO HIS GAME, BUT SHE'S LEADIN' US TO MIX!



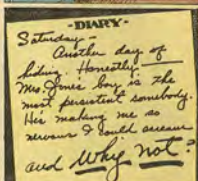
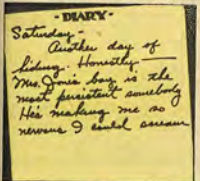
TOM MIX

AND THE
FENCE WAR IN
PAINTED VALLEY



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

I DIDN'T ASK YOU, I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF COMING THIS P.M. WAS YOUR IDEA AND YOU NEEDN'T EXPECT ANY CHEERING FROM ME.

OH, THAT'S O.K. MONEY — IF THAT'S THE WAY Y'VEE ABOUT IT.



YOU CAN JUST PLAY SOME OF THOSE LAST RECORDS I MADE FOR YA, AND I'LL ADD A BIT HERE N'THERE, AS I DREAM UP SWEET NOTHINGS.

I WILL NOT — AND ANYWAY, I THREW THE FRESH THINGS AWAY!



SAY — WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOU?

DARLING.



LISTEN, YOU MAY HAVE BEEN THAT TO YOUR FOLKS, BUT YOU'RE JUST PLAIN OLD STUFF TO ME.

TSK TSK



O.K., STUFF — NOW, THAT THAT'S SETTLED, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, NOT THAT IT MATTERS, BUT JUST IN CASE SOMEONE SHOULD ASK ME, YOU MIGHT TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

SURE.



I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.

I MEANT SOMETHING INTERESTING.



THERE JUS' ISN'T ANY FIGGERIN' FEMALES.

NAW



THAT JON'S GUY STARTED RIGHT OFF RUSHIN' BOOTS TH' TOUGH WAY.

SHE WAS PLENTY SORE, AN' SAID SO.



I JUS' CANT SEEM TEACH ON.

ME EITHER! GALS AGENT BABIES — THEY'RE MAYBE'S, THEY NEVER DO TH' SAME THING TH' SAME WAY TWICE.



HOW'S BOOTS GETTING ALONG WITH HER NEW AQUALTANCE? IMAGINE! SHE CALLS HIM, "STUFF"?

WHAT A NAME.



OH, I DON'T THINK SHE HAS ANY DEFINITE FEELINGS ON THE SUBJECT.



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

I SAW HIS UNCLE TODAY
YOU REMEMBER THAT
MR. WITHERSPOON.



HE SAID THE YOUNG RADICAL
WAS ACTUALLY SERIOUS
AND SINCERE ABOUT
SOMETHING NOW, FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN HIS GAY,
YOUNG LIFE.



I'M GLAD I SEEM
LIKE SUCH A NICE BOY
AND YOU KNOW BOOTS
— SHE CAN'T STRAY
ANGRY AT ANYONE
VERY LONG.

MYYYYYY! MY! YOU'RE ABOUT AS
LITTLE AS TH' LITTLE GARDEN
BROOK AFTER A
FOUR MONTH'S
DROUGHT.



AW! WHY
DONT TELL ME — LET ME
GUESS WHAT'S WRONG.



YOU ASKED BOOTS FOR A DATE, AN'
SHE SAID WASH WASH-IT WAS STUFF
JONES AGAIN-AN YOU SAID BLAM
BLAM BLAM, AN' SHE SAID OH'D
DATE WHOM SHE DOGSONE
PLEASED, AN' YOU SAID



NAW
NAW

SHE WAS JUST AS SWEET AN' CALM
AS AUNT ANNE AT HER FIFTH
WEDDING! THAT'S WHAT HAS ME
BOTHERED — SHE WAS TOO DERN
NICE.



MAD AT ME ANYMORE?



NOPE.

GOSH, HONEY — I DUNNO HOW T' SAY IT,
BUT YOU'RE JUST PLUS IN EVERYTHING!
THERE ISNT ANOTHER GIRL LIKE YOU.



GOOD HEAVENS! YOU
MEAN YOU'VE CHECKED
UP ON ALL THE OTHERS
IN THE TELEPHONE
BOOK?

I ALWAYS HAVE SAID
N'T ALWAYS WILL PAY
— SYMPATHY IS TH'
PAY OFF.



WELL, IF THAT'S
YOUR STORY,
STICK TO IT.



SO?

AWWWW — 'AT OL'
STUFF JONES.

EVERY OTHER GAL HE KNOWS HAS
RUN OUT ON 'IM! HE'S PULLIN' TH' OL'
"YOU'RE TH' ONLY ONE WHO UNDER-
STANDS ME" GAG — AN' BOOTS IS
SWEET N' SWEET ENOUGH T' TELL
FOR IT.



Continued Next Month

TOM TRAYLOR

"G-MAN
X 32

WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE SERVANTS WING OF THE GREEN MANSION X 32 FINDS MARIE, A MAID, WITH A FLASH LIGHT.



PARDON ME, MARIE, BUT COULD I BORROW THAT FLASHLIGHT?

WHY - AH - ER - SURE, MR. TRAYLOR.



I'LL ONLY NEED IT FOR A FEW MINUTES, MARIE -



THANKS A LOT!



I DON'T GET IT, TRAYLOR - WHY DID YOU WANT THAT FLASHLIGHT?

WAIT'LL WE GET OUT OF HER HEARING, ED, AND I'LL TELL YOU.



I'VE HAD A HUNCH THAT SOME ONE IN THIS HOUSE WAS COMMUNICATING WITH THE GANG THAT KIDNAPED MR. GREEN, BUT I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHO OR HOW.



WELL, IF YOU SUSPECT THAT MAID WHY NOT GRAB HER?

NOT YET, ED - MINE IS ONLY A HUNCH - I MUST HAVE PROOF - NOW WATCH!



LOOK, TOM! FLASHES FROM THAT HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

YUP! AND THOSE FLASHES START TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE GREEN KIDNAPING.

TOM TRAYLOR
"G-MAN
X 32



I THINK OUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT PROVES THAT MARIE HAS BEEN FLASHING A CODE TO SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE DOOR

NOTHING TO DO BUT GRAB HER THEN, EH, TOM? LETS GO!



THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE FLASH LIGHT, MARIE - I'VE KEPT THE BATTERIES, HOWEVER, BECAUSE YOU WON'T NEED THIS ANY MORE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I'VE CAUGHT ON TO YOUR SCHEME OF FLASHING SIGNALS TO SOME ONE NEXT DOOR AND I PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST

OH!



OH, HELLO, TERRY, ANY LUCK TRACING THE HAT LOST BY THE FELLOW WHO SHOT TOM

PLENTY, ED - ZECK SOLD IT TO A BIRD NAMED GRECCO - AND YOU'LL BE QUITE INTERESTED TO KNOW -



THAT HE LIVES OR WORKS AT THE ESTATE RIGHT NEXT TO THIS ONE

HOT DOG! THAT CHECKS WITH MY DISCOVERY, TOO



WELL, TOM, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

TO SURROUND THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR -



YOU AND TERRY COVER THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - I'LL RING THE FRONT DOOR BELL - IF NO ONE ANSWERS CRASH IN THE BACK DOOR WHEN I WHISTLE - I'LL BUST IN THE FRONT WAY - O.K.?

O.K.?



RIGHTO

WELL, COME ON THEN, LETS GO CALLING ON THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

TOM TRAYLOR

"G-MAN
X 32

TOM TRAYLOR

"G-MAN
X 32



SO YOU'RE BUTCH THE RIPPER, EH? — I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU!

I'LL BE NOSING AROUND THE HOUSE IF YOU NEED ME, TOM.



WELL, BUTCH, JUST HOW DO YOU FIT INTO THIS GREEN KIDNAPING PICTURE?

I AIN'T TALKIN' SEE?



FRANKLY, THAT'S NO SURPRISE — BUZZ, KEEP AN EYE ON OUR NEW PLAYMATE — I WANT TO LOOK AROUND A BIT.

O. K., TOM.



HEY, TOM! COME HERE QUICK!



WHAT'S UP, ED?

I FOUND THIS SLIP OF PAPER UNDER THE PHONE — IT HAS A TELEPHONE NUMBER ON IT BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE EXCHANGE.



WHITEHALL 6133 — H-M-M! WHITEHALL — WHITEHALL — WHERE HAVE I EVER HEARD OF THAT EXCHANGE?



I'VE GOT IT, ED — I'VE GOT IT! AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT WE'RE REALLY GETTING SOME PLACE IN THIS CASE!

HOW SO, TOM?



IF YOU'LL RECALL, ED, MRS. GREEN GOT A THREATENING PHONE CALL FROM THE KIDNAPERS IN CHICAGO AND WHITEHALL IS A CHICAGO TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

BE SURE AND SEE THE NEXT STIRRING EPISODES OF THIS STORY APPEARING SOON

Continued Next Month

FLAPPER FANNY *By Sylvia*



"THEY CERTAINLY COME AND GO FAST." "YEAH! THE IDOL OF YESTERDAY MAY BE THE IDLE OF TODAY."



"GEE, FANNY, FOUR SECRETARIES!"

"YEAH! HE'S SORICH THE ONLY THING THAT DARES TO DISAGREE WITH HIM IS HIS FOOD."

WINNIBELLE
by
VIRGINIA
KRAUSMANN



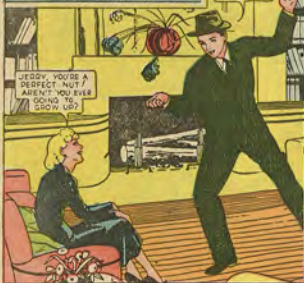
FLAPPER FANNY *By Sylvia*



"WHAT! YOUR DATING THAT RUNT!"
 "BABY, YOU CAN'T MEASURE A MAN'S BRAIN
 BY HIS HEIGHT. SOMETIMES ITS THE
 LITTLE GUY YOU HAVE TO LOOK UP TO!"



"THERE'S ALWAYS SOMUCH WORK TODD,"
 "FANNY." "UH-HUH. IT TAKES A LOT OF
 ELBOW GREASE TO KEEP A HOUSEHOLD
 RUNNING SMOOTHLY."



JERRY, YOU'RE A
 PERFECT NUT!
 AREN'T YOU EVER
 GOING TO
 GROW UP?

I GUESS NOT.



"YOU KNOW ANNIBELLE
 GOING AROUND A LOT
 WITH THE GILG? SHE'S A
 FELLOW YOUNG."

HOW COME?



"I STARTED GOING OUT
 WITH THEM FOUR YEARS
 AGO, WHEN I WAS A
 FRESHMAN AT COLLEGE
 AND IT'S STILL A
 FRESHMAN."

FLAPPER FANNY *By Sylvia*



"I THOUGHT YOU'D DECIDED TO THROW HIM OVER." "YES, BUT YOU KNOW HOW BADLY A GIRL THROWS."



"I THOUGHT YOU WAS GOING TO IMPROVE YOURSELF THIS SUMMER, SO FAR YOU HAD THE CHICKENPOX AND YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO SQUEAL LIKE A SEAL."



Continued Next Month

COLUMBUS

GOES WEST

By DAN BALKIN



EVERY NOW AND THEN, A TRAVELER WOULD COME BACK FROM THE ORIENT WITH WONDERFUL TALES OF IMMENSE RICHES TO BE HAD THERE. IT STIRRED THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE TO SEEK THESE LANDS OF SUCH FABULOUS WEALTH — GOLD AND JEWELRY GALORE!

NEW AND SHORTER ROUTES TO CATHAY, INDIA, AND THE EAST INDIES, WERE SOUGHT BY THE TRADERS. THE PORTUGUESE TRIED TO DISCOVER A SHORTER ROUTE BY SAILING AROUND THE SOUTHERN END OF AFRICA — A VERY FEW THOUGHT OF GOING AROUND THE WORLD, WESTWARD ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, BUT THERE WERE NONE WHO WOULD DARE THE TRIP.



WHEN COLUMBUS WAS 29 YEARS OF AGE, HE WENT TO PORTUGAL TO GO INTO THE MAP-MAKING BUSINESS WITH HIS OLDER BROTHER, BARTHOLOMEW.



IN THOSE DAYS, MAP-MAKING WAS A VERY PROSPEROUS BUSINESS, FOR MAPS WERE MADE BY HAND — ONE BY ONE — AND NOT PRINTED AS THEY ARE TODAY.

COLUMBUS GOES WEST

By DAN BALKIN



'LO, BUDDY!
INTERESTED
IN JOINING?



BUT COLUMBUS DID NOT STAY IN THE BUSINESS WORLD VERY LONG. HE WAS NOT CONTENT TO STAY ON LAND; SO HE JOINED THE PORTUGUESE NAVY AND WENT ON SOME OF THE INVESTIGATING EXPEDITIONS ALONG THE AFRICAN COAST—LOOKING FOR THE MUCH-BOUGHT-FOR ROUTE TO CATHAY.

THOSE SAILS DISAPPEAR
JUST AS THE STEM OF AN APPLE
DISAPPEARS AS YOU TURN IT AWAY
FROM YOU—YES, SIREEE!
I'M CONVINCED THAT
THE SHAPE OF THE
EARTH IS ROUND!



WHILE IN THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE, COLUMBUS READ MANY BOOKS ON GEOGRAPHY, ASTRONOMY AND MATHEMATICS. THE EARTH'S SHAPE INTERESTED HIM MOST—AND HE FINALLY CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WAS, CONTRARY TO GENERAL BELIEF—ROUND.

CHRISTOPHER, MY BOY
AM PROUD OF YOU!

OH, BOY!



HE THINKS OVER THE POSSIBILITY OF REACHING THE ORIENT BY SAILING WESTWARD. NOBODY ELSE WOULD DARE THAT VOYAGE!! IF HE SHOULD OPEN A NEW ROUTE TO CATHAY—WHAT GLORY WOULD BE HIS—WHAT A HERO HE WOULD BE—WHAT RICHES—AAH!

SO COLUMBUS DRAWS UP HIS PLANS AND CHARTS TO VENTURE WESTWARD ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. COLLECTING HIS DATA, AND WITH A GOOD SALES TALK IN HIS MIND, HE SETS FORTH TO FIND SOMEONE TO FINANCE THE TRIP.

NOW-IF I CAN
GET KING JOHN
OF PORTUGAL
TO BACK MY
VENTURE, I WILL
REVOLUTIONIZE
TRADE WITH
THE INDIES



COLUMBUS

GOES WEST

By DAN BALKIN



APPLE MARY AND Pennie

by MARY - 022

WHY DOES PEGGY'S MOTHER WANT TO SEE US, GRAN MA?

SEARCH ME DENNIE - BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT.



APPLE and DENNIE

by MARTHA ORR



APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

by MARTHA ORR

STOP PLAYING, SUNNY, WE HAVE TO FINISH SO DENNIE CAN TAKE HIS BATH.

HUM, DON'T HURRY ON MY ACCOUNT.





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